

New York Tribune

First to Last—The Truth—Editorials—Advertisements

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Somersaulting

What a difference two weeks make! A fortnight ago the City Hall had heard of no crime wave. Such was impossible under the best of municipal administrations, with the perfect Enright at Police Headquarters. Communities less blessed might be afflicted with criminal activities, but in New York crime was normal or sub-normal.

Now has come one of the quickest of somersaults. The Mayor admits there is a crime wave and that it is of tidal force. He repudiates Enright's manufactured statistics. He exhorts merchants and bankers to arm their messengers, hotel guests to double bolt their doors, and citizens generally to get into the trenches and not to travel far without protective convoys. Surely the acrobatic Mayor does a thorough job of recanting.

But, alas, one looks vainly through the proclamation for news that Enright is no longer in command; that his detective force has been reassembled; that competent officers have been recalled from suburban exile; that the Mayor admits the conditions that he confesses to are the inevitable consequence of Tammany-Heast government.

Pressing

Wilhelm Mayer von Kaufbeuren, the German Ambassador to France, apparently is not properly appreciative of the wisdom of the golf maxim "Don't press!" Nor does he adequately realize that there are penalties for playing ahead of the ball.

So at an official dinner at Paris, on that Mr. Wallace, the American Ambassador, was present, the German asked to be introduced. It did not occur to him to remember that Germany and the United States are still nominally at war and that diplomatic etiquette requires the official representatives of belligerents, when in neutral surroundings, to ignore each other. His Teutonic excellency thought he saw a chance to ingratiate himself and seized it. He hoped to establish a useful relationship, and forgot—formal intercourse being impossible—that private association must be mutually agreeable. So Mr. Wallace was under the painful necessity of declining to meet his overbearing fellow guest.

The incident is typical of the spirit of Germany since hostilities ceased. Arrogant in days when German armies were butchering and mauling, the German began to fawn when he lost power to destroy. He is as indifferent to rebuffs as he is incapable of repentance. The German Ambassador perceived no reason why he should get the smell of blood from his garments before he pushed to enlarge his acquaintanceship. Indeed, Hans blubbers and whines of cruel discrimination when he finds himself looked at askance as he intrudes into decent company. Behind his thick hide he seems honestly to feel it is narrow and mean not to fall joyously at his neck and kiss both of his cheeks.

It is a manifestation of impudence and moral denseness exceeded in remarkableness only by the curious failure on the part of some Americans, who should know better, to fail to understand what led Ambassador Wallace to withhold his hand.

The Unpunished Slackers

War veteran organizations have asked the House Judiciary Committee to report a bill extending from three to six years the statute of limitation against the prosecution of war slackers. They also charge that the War Department has been delaying action against more than 150,000 draft evaders and deserters. The Department of Justice, which recently approved the commutation of Von Kintelen's sentence, is as lax as usual.

Secretary Baker, whose singular leniency for "conscientious objectors" has often been remarked, has never allowed his moral indignation against those who dodged duty to reach white heat. On September 1 last General Crowder reported that 173,911 evasions and desertion cases were still undisposed of by the War Department. So not much is expected from the Secretary unless he is quickened.

At a dinner given to "conscientious

objectors" on Wednesday evening Dr. John Haynes Holmes is reported to have said:

"These objectors were brave—the bravest of the brave. . . . They were faithful to America only to be more faithful to all men everywhere."

The "objectors" thus feelingly eulogized at least spent—or were entertained—a term in a military penitentiary. But the 173,911 on the War Department's roll have paid no penalty. They may have come to believe that, like Berdell, they will never pay any penalty. They are mistaken. Another Administration will track them down. But their avoidance of punishment so far is a stain on the nation's war record—a reflection on the energy and evenhandedness of American military policy.

Speeding Martens

In his order directing the deportation of Martens, the Bolshevik "Ambassador," Secretary Wilson of the Department of Labor is at pains to say the operation shall be at the expense of American taxpayers, and that the deported shall be "treated with the utmost courtesy and given the best available accommodations in transit."

The law of the United States explicitly requires the immediate deportation of all aliens found here who belong to an organization advocating the forcible overthrow of the government of the United States. It is silent about making the outward trip one of special comfort and luxury. It is assumed that unwelcome intruders are to be treated alike, in the good old democratic way of not having respect to persons. That Martens should be the recipient of distinguished consideration is apparently an idea which is Secretary Wilson's own. It is an addendum to the law scarcely in accord with its spirit.

Moreover, the addendum is as contrary to Bolshevism as to Americanism. Lenin denies that prior enjoyment of soft living creates a valid title for its continuance. His doctrine is the exact opposite. Because the bourgeoisie in the past have truffled, he holds, is a sufficient reason why they should have only sawdust bread now. As a good Bolshevik, Martens should refuse the first cabin and ask for a dark place in the steerage. Too long has he been corrupted by the fleshpots of America.

That Martens is a member of an organization which advocates the overthrow of America's government and her democratic institutions is, of course, not open to question. He favors the new czarism called the dictatorship of the proletariat—a system whose essential is that one man or a small group may seize power over millions by force, and to keep it may exclude from political weight all persons who do not in advance concede the dictatorship's divine right to rule. Even the most muddled parlor Bolshevik will admit that Martens, both by his activities and associations, has neglected no opportunity to lay foundations for such a dictatorship here. Recently he has been quiet, but his quiescence has been due more to prudence than to desire. Every one knows what is his mission here and to what ends he has spent the treasure transmitted to him from a looted Russia. There is curiosity as to how large a part of his funds has gone to sustain organs of propaganda.

As usual, the Administration, when doing the right thing, does it late. The time to have deported Martens was immediately following his arrival. The prolonged dilly-dallying that marked consideration of his case has not been to public advantage. It has tended to cloud the fact that Bolshevism and Americanism cannot be made to mix, and has introduced into many minds a doubt concerning an issue as to which doubt has no place.

Another Rent Law Victory

Opponents of the rent laws have centered their hopes on the Federal courts, but now the first decision by one of them is a victory for the laws more sweeping than any from a state court.

There is, of course, an issue over which the Federal courts have jurisdiction. The Federal Constitution forbids a state to pass laws impairing the obligation of contracts, and also guarantees that no state shall deprive any person of life, liberty or property without due process of law. Assuming jurisdiction, therefore, the three Federal judges in this district, Messrs. Hough, Mayer and Augustus N. Hand, find the rent laws are not obnoxious to the Federal Constitution.

The judges reject the view that the Federal Constitution imposes an absolute bar on self-protective state action. They remark:

"It cannot be too often said that a constitution is not a code nor a statute, and that it declares only fundamental principles, and is not to be interpreted with the strictness of a private contract. To this doctrine we owe the rulings that even the contract clause of the Constitution does not override the power of the state to establish regulations reasonably necessary to secure the health, comfort or general welfare of the community—that is, to exercise the police power of the state."

The state courts have passed primarily on the question whether or not the Legislature is competent to

declare an emergency exists, and practically all the state decisions are that it is and that hence the Legislature's action was justifiable. The two sets of decisions, taken together, create a situation that wise landlords, it would seem, should accept with all the philosophy they can command.

Banning Railway Strikes

Government control of railroads rests on the theory that the railroad business is one, as the courts phrase it, affected with a public interest. Any one investing in railroad property does so with knowledge of this. His private ownership is qualified. He can't do exactly as he pleases with his own. He can't suspend operations, for an essential feature of service is continuity.

In a similar way the railway employees when they accept employment do so with knowledge of the peculiarity of the railway business. They also cannot do exactly as they please; are also tethered by the demand for continuity. They also may not quit, at least not when it means interruption of service. Hence the reasonableness of forbidding, as the Poindexter bill does, abandonment of jobs when such abandonment means a cessation of railway operation.

The great threat to continuity of operation is the strike, which can easily spread over a vast area—and possibly over the entire country. So the Poindexter bill forbids general striking, and in lieu provides a Federal board to settle wage disputes.

The system of normal balance between the power of labor and the power of ownership which exists in other industries has disappeared from the railroad industry. Ownership is nominal, since the government regulates charges, income, wages, working hours and other conditions of labor. The companies being public agents, the unions have lost their old significance as checks on the selfishness of railroad staffs and directors. Carrying out the principle of government control to its logical conclusion, railway employees have become public employees.

In this capacity they are entitled to an exceptional status—to government protection in their compensation and tenure. In exchange for this the Poindexter bill would abolish the right to strike. Individuals may stop working at any time, but any combined action to obstruct transportation would constitute a misdemeanor.

Such legislation may seem a radical departure from American notions of the relations of employees to the industry in which they are engaged. But that is only because so many people fail to realize that the relations of the railroads to the government have also been radically changed.

Mr. Coolidge in the Cabinet

Not a sensational change in the customs of our government but a well considered and highly constructive measure is Mr. Harding's insistence that Mr. Coolidge sit in his Cabinet, without portfolio, and bring his full ability to bear upon the broad problems of the executive department.

The wish of the whole country that Mr. Coolidge sit in the Cabinet is a fit compliment to him. It was one of the greatest strengths of the Republican ticket that it contained so stalwart a candidate for Vice-President. The way, moreover, to secure a continuance of this policy and end for all time the naming of a Vice-President of mediocre talents is precisely by giving Mr. Coolidge room for his ability. If Mr. Harding's plan succeeds the Vice-Presidency will become so vital a factor in the national government that the ablest men will be glad to be named therefor and no party will dare offer a second-rate figure for it.

All such changes must have time to develop, and prediction with regard to them is unsafe. But Mr. Harding has shown a sensitive understanding of an American system in his proposal, and it is safe to trust in his large powers of cooperation to make the most of Mr. Coolidge's presence.

Lady Astor's Discouragement

Lady Astor is discouraged. Though a feminist and a member of the British Parliament, she charges that her sex does not measure up to the standards of men, now that the opportunity is theirs. Women, she says, are still foolish in the matter of dress and, worst of all, they refuse to vote for feminine candidates, whereas men do not change the length of their trousers, in season and out, and they never let the charge of masculinity influence their votes.

Lady Astor should be more patient. It is not so many years since woman braved the tradition of centuries and entered the business world, and the franchise is new. As a class women are in much the same position to-day as were the powder box gentlemen of an older day, when they cast aside leisure and entered the world of commerce and business. Knee breeches and ruffles gave place to sober, long trousered garments when the need arose for simple and practical clothes.

Because much of the industry in highly civilized countries depends on the constant change and variation

in woman's apparel the tendency toward simplicity and standardization is greatly hindered. But the short skirt is perhaps a harbinger. That women will ever again sweep the streets with their garments is doubtful. Standardization will some time come.

The charge that women are weak in sex loyalty is perhaps true. Women are much less lenient with each other than they are with men or than men are with each other. They realize their weaknesses too keenly, while men, also realizing their weaknesses, proceed on the theory that "a man's a man for a' that." When women accept human frailty in that spirit they will support each other in politics and elsewhere with faith born of not expecting too much.

Ten Million Revolutionists!

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: Your editorial argument that the cause of socialism is losing ground because only about 1,000,000 people voted for Eugene V. Debs is quite wrong and shows that you do not understand the situation.

Those who voted for Debs this year represent only what are called "yellow" Socialists, i. e., moderate or constitutional Socialists, belonging to the Socialist party group or Extreme Right. The Communist Socialists did not vote, as a matter of tactics. The industrial radicals, including members of the I. W. W., likewise avoided the polls, as did the pacifists, non-resistants and Tolstoyans. Add to these the unorganized radicals, like the readers of The Nation and The New Republic, who voted for Harding as a way to punish Wilson, or who did not vote at all; also the great number of alien radicals who have no vote, and you will see that your idea that radicalism is on the decline is erroneous.

The number of men and women in the United States who would support a social revolution is about 10,000,000; some put the figure higher. I am conservative. There are also those stolid citizens who obey the law, no matter what it is or by whom it is made, the sheep who do as they are told, no matter who commands.

The situation now in America is very much like the situation in January, 1917, in Russia. The radicals are "suppressed," only the "beginners" vote; you cannot tell how numerous the conscientious objectors to capitalism are any more than the Czar could know his fate in advance. However, in God's own time we shall see what we shall see. Meanwhile, wise sailors will prepare for the storm, and fools will do what fools always do in emergencies—hide in the gravel pit with the burglar and Boss Mangan. J. W. F. New York, Dec. 11, 1920.

Colombian Cordiality

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: Several of yesterday morning's New York dailies, including The Tribune, gave attention to the anti-American feeling in Colombia, particularly the port of Cartagena, as expressed by various passengers arriving in New York by the United States Fruit Company steamship Carrillo.

The writer recently spent almost a year in Bogota and other Colombian cities, including Cartagena, and feels convinced that the passengers quoted in yesterday's newspaper articles here referred to evidently were misinformed, or not sufficiently familiar with the circumstances to which they referred to form an accurate and unbiased opinion. The writer is further convinced absolutely as to the error referring to the American Consul of Cartagena having advised passengers of the Carrillo of any local unfriendly feeling. The writer's familiarity and actual knowledge of the sentiment and feeling of the merchants of Cartagena is such that I am thoroughly convinced of the error that any merchants of Cartagena ever gave any evidence whatever of anti-American feeling, or pleasure that the United States cruiser Cleveland had run ashore in Cartagena harbor.

No one can deny that at the present time the Colombians have a more or less strained feeling toward the United States as a nation, and not without cause, on account of the unfortunate Panama incident and in the absence of any final arrangement of the treaty that has now been pending between the United States and Colombia for the last fourteen years; but so far as the individual feeling of the Colombians toward citizens of this country is concerned, it could not be more pleasant, courteous or generous. J. W. FLANAGAN. New York, Nov. 27, 1920.

Give the People Some Fun

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: I noticed a few days ago in The Tribune that the Mayor has authorized the Police Department to spend a considerable amount of money to buy motorcycles with side cars attached to scout up and down streets to frighten thieves and highwaymen away from prospective customers.

When the snow is a foot deep, as it was last winter, I wonder how poor policemen will be able to "joy ride."

I personally think it is selfish for only the police and the burglars to have all the fun, and, as a suggestion, why not let all of us have some fun too, as we have to pay the bills?

Now, as most every person likes to see the fire engines and other fire apparatus shooting along, why not have the Fire Commissioner instructed to send the apparatuses out several times during the night; then all of us can have the fun. As we all are used to motorcycles, they will only keep the crooks away while we are sleeping, but if the engines go out, they will keep us all awake, so we won't need the cops on motorcycles; then the people will save \$75,000 and have lots of amusement in the bargain. THOMAS W. CUMMINGS. New York, Dec. 10, 1920.

Thou Shalt Not

(From The Philadelphia Inquirer) It looks now as though our Constitution were rapidly degenerating into a statute of limitations.

The Conning Tower

ANOTHER POEM TO PHYLLIS

Dear Phyllis: When I write that name So redolent of roses musky, My eyes grow moist, my pen goes lame, My throat gets husky.

I see you in a vision faint With Jenny Lind or Dolly Varden, A-clinking teacups in a quaint Old English garden.

Sweet Phyllis! Austin Dobson's pet! (Sing here of powdered wigs and chintzes!) Your name perfumes this chanzonette— You fairy princess!

To stretch my inmost thoughts to you, O would this heart were made of rubber. Alas! Alack! All I can do Is sit and blubber. CHICOT.

Perhaps M. Carpentier knows a lot about boxing—and we hope that his knowledge and prowess will transcend Mr. Dempsey's—but he knows nothing about tennis. "Never mind," he said, when he learned that the child was a girl, "I will make her a champion tennis player." Now, he may make her a champion woman tennis player, but she has no more chance of being a champion tennis player than she has of being a champion boxer. She may be a champion woman boxer, but a champion tennis player—one thousand times jamais!

At the risk of having M. Carpentier resent physically our criticism of his slur at tennis, we hurl in his teeth that no mere fighting guy can belittle tennis in our hearing and go unrebuked. "A girl," says he. "I will make a tennis champion of her." It would be equally fair, if regarding a son born without honor or intelligence, we should say, "Never mind, I will make him a champion pugilist."

Literary Critiques

IV I guess it was Nat Goodwin Some one was giving an imitation of him and he said "One of us is rotten." Anyway, it was something like that.

That's the way I feel When I read Carl Sandburg's poetry: I say to myself: "Either this is too good for me, Or I'm too good for it." I don't know. I don't know anything about poetry, but I know what I don't like.

The Diary of Our Own Samuel Pepys

December 15—Early up, and to the office, where I essayed to write some verses, but the thought in them so tedious I threw them away. To H. Harrison's to tea, and found a lady there named Miss Lee, who, seeing a rent in my coat, told me I should be married; but I told her there were those who disagreed with her. With Miss Zona Gale to the Playhouse, a less good play than "Jane Clegg," but well acted, especially by Miss Wycherly, the best acting ever I saw her do. Walked with Miss Gale to her inn, and find my worship of her not to decrease upon meeting her. So home, and read "Amy's Story" in The Smart Set, by Thyra Samter Winslow, whom I never had heard of before, but who hath a great power of writing. Yet do we grovel at the feet of British authors, and wear an apologetic air, as though there were nobody in this country to compare with the lowest of the English writers.

16—All day at my stint, and much talking, too; and in the evening with my wife to Mistress Bertha Cusor's for dinner, and Mistress Ruth Hale comes in, too, and her husband, and much talk and comment; and home late, my wife having no pleasant time I could not make her leave. So home by cab, costing me \$1.70.

17—Up early, and waked our Marie, who cannot hear the alarm-clock, and then cooked breakfast, and so to the dentist's, where for an hour, and so to the office, where all day till late, at my scrivening and other pleasant duties.

LOST—Pocketbook containing owner's name—Return to News-Sun—Kendallville, Ind., News-Sun.

"But he who flees from me my good name!"

AUTHOR! AUTHOR!

Sir: In Judge for November 27 I find this clever mimicry by La Touche Hancock: There was once a girl, named O'Flynn. Whose figure was terribly thin, And when she essayed To drink lemonade, She slipped through the straw, and fell in!

Now, I don't claim to be a detective, but I think it is possible that La Touche Hancock is the pen name of that cute little girl from the Campus who wrote that clever little quatrain about the Purple Cow? I think fingerprints of the authors should be taken; I am sure it would prove my point.

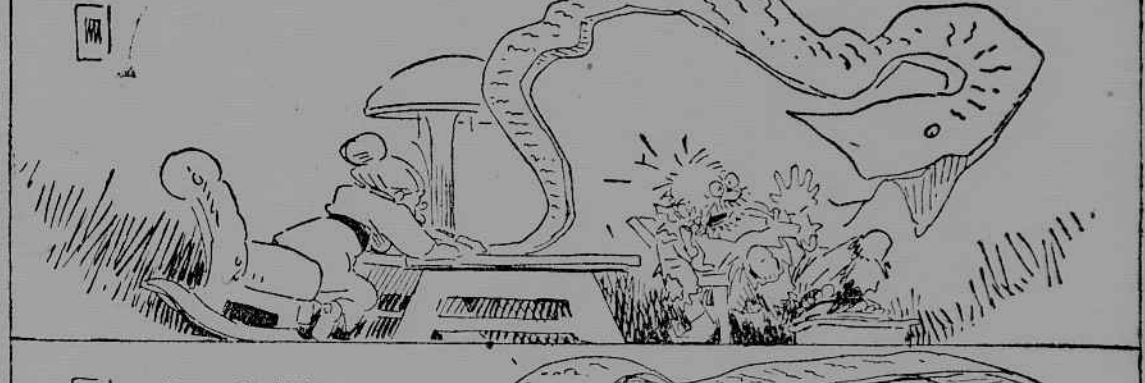
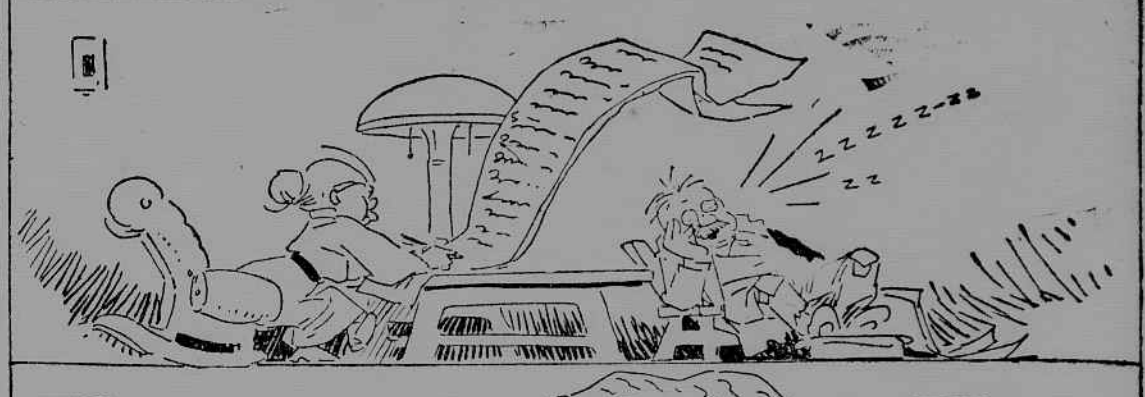
It takes, as somebody has said, all sorts to make a world; including a man who paid \$57.50 for two tickets to see Jack Dempsey Tuesday night and who thinks that if people are poor it is their own fault, so why should he contribute to a Christmas fund?

It is Dave King's objection that in the gambling raid Flushing and Coogan's Bluff have been ignored. Also Chippewa, Minn.

You may break, you may shatter, the law if you dare, but the price of good liquor goes higher and higher. F. P. A.

HAVE YOU CHECKED OVER YOUR CHRISTMAS LIST TO SEE IF YOU'VE FORGOTTEN ANYBODY?

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The Architect's Fee

His 6 Per Cent Shown To Be a Moderate Charge To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I read with amazement the cross-examination of the president of the New York Chapter of the American Institute of Architects by the Lockwood committee. The implied attitude of the committee toward the architects in general has been published in The World and other papers, placing the architect in a position as though he were to be classed with the other matters that are being investigated by the committee. This arises from the lack of appreciation or knowledge of what the architect actually does, and I feel that the impression created should be corrected as soon as possible.

It is stated that the architect receives 6 per cent commission, which almost anybody would infer was a perfect gold mine, and absolutely fails to bring forward the services rendered by the architect and his force of trained men. I have in mind another case of a \$40,000 building on which I charged 6 per cent, which took one and a half years to complete. My fee was \$2,400 for one and a half years' work, out of which I had to pay myself, rent, office expenses, for supplies, etc. The cost of production was obviously far in excess of the commission received. On the other hand, it so happened that I had a general contractor, who received a commission of \$3,000, with an allowance of \$500 in addition for firm's time and expenses. Out of this \$3,500 the expenses, as explained, were stenographer, bookkeeper and office rent, and the firm's time and expenses, according to his own statement, were \$300. At the minimum their net profit on this piece of work must have been close to \$2,600 over and above the cost of production. They did not invest any money, for they received the full amount of their requisitions each month and it was financed by the owner.

They did not pay for any individual superintendence, for this was charged against the cost of the building. They assumed no responsibility for the building in structural strength, for this was all worked out in my office. It was up to me to see constantly that nothing but the terms of the specification were fulfilled and the owner protected. HOBERT B. UPJOHN. New York, Dec. 10, 1920.

The Automobile Death Toll

To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: Allow me to call your attention to a certain incorrect statement appearing in this morning's Tribune, in an article captioned "Autos Kill 3,808 in Year in U. S.; 780 in New York." The number of deaths from automobiles and the automobile death rates mentioned in the article do not refer to the entire United States, but apply only to sixty-six cities in the United States of over 100,000 population.

Data on file in this office show that the death rate from automobile accidents for the entire United States for the year 1919 was approximately 9 per 100,000 population, and that in 1915 the rate was approximately 6 per 100,000 population. Competent authorities have estimated that the number of deaths caused by automobiles throughout the country last year was 9,642.

A Costly Entertainment

(From The Providence Journal) Secretary of State Colby is off on his South American trip—a joy ride that will be of about as much benefit to the United States or anybody else as if Mr. Colby sang a comic song on the steps of the Capitol. The many thousands of dollars that will be spent on this junket are to be provided, we understand, by that eccentric philanthropist, Mr. Common People.

Personally Conducted

(From The Chicago Daily News) Some of the liquor one sees being moved about the streets goes in a distinctly zigzag manner.

A Sinecure

(From The Los Angeles Times) Isn't it about time for "President" Du Valera to begin to work for a second term? Presiding for Ireland in dead old America is fairly safe, we imagine.

A Plea From St. Dunstan's

The Needs of the British Soldiers Blinded in the War To the Editor of The Tribune. Sir: This is the season of greeting and gifts. May I send to your readers greetings and ask them to send to me gifts?

These greetings will, I hope, give real pleasure. They convey the gratitude of the soldiers blinded in the war for the sympathy and help which have come to them from all parts of the world. They carry the news that all we hope for from the training given at St. Dunstan's is being justified by these blinded men in the very wonderful success they are making of their lives. I do not think that any one would say it gets easier to be, bravely blind as the years go on. It becomes easier to do things in the dark, but the demand on the will to keep pace with normal life grows greater rather than lessens. Constant effort is extraordinarily exacting, and it is really splendid how the men meet this demand of themselves, keep up their interest in everything and maintain their notable record as workers; some in office, some practicing as masseurs, some as poultry farmers and others as expert craftsmen.

There are still more than five hundred blind men learning in our classrooms and workshops. Besides those actually blinded on the battlefield, 23,000 men were discharged from the army with seriously damaged sight, and, unfortunately, many of these are finding it necessary to come to St. Dunstan's. We are dealing with a number of men whose health does not enable them to make so quick progress as others. At the same time it becomes increasingly difficult to find for the men who are ready to start on their new life suitable homes. We have also now to meet the expense of moving our headquarters—the offices for the organization required to look after nearly 2,000 men, and also the classrooms and workshops. The house, with its beautiful grounds so generously lent by Mr. Otto Kall as a hostel is no longer available. Fortunately, however, we have been able to find for our new quarters another house in Regent's Park—a place which for several generations has been the London home of the Marquesses of Bute. The interior has been adapted for offices, and in the gardens the classrooms and workshops have been re-erected. The place is near the lake on which the blinded soldiers have taken so much pleasure in rowing, and both from the point of view of fresh air and of opportunities for unimpeded exercise the situation is ideal.